Watch for Mysterious Mr. Raffles-Worth \$100 to You

The Mysterious Mr. Raffles.

My Ninth Day's Adventures [WHERE RAFFLES WENT AND

By the Mysterious Mr. Raffles.

Here is where I record an eventful day's proceedings. Yesterday I had the time of my li.o-and all within a half-dozen hours at that.

half-dozen hours at that,

Heard someondy may the other evening the reason why I had not been captured was because I knew enough to remain close inside New York.

It was also intimated that should I ever be so foolish

as to wander into any of the smaller towns about New York my end would be swirt and sudden. That is, i York my end would be swift and sudden. That is, I would be captured, and somebody would get the hundred. Besides, several people living around about New York have written me letters daring me to visit their towns. That is why I went out to Paterson yesterday afternoon;

That is why I went out to Paterson yesterday afternoon, also to Newark and to Jersey City. And several people certainly missed scooping in that \$100 prize offered by The Evening World for my capture.

If you happen to have any doubts as to whether I was really there ask Chief of Police Bimson, of Paterson; Chief of Police Murphy, of Jersey City, or Policeman No. 135, of Newark. They will all have to acknowledge that the buck is up to them. They all talked with me; each had a good straight look at me, and, help—sill feiled to recognize the Mysterious Mr. Raffles. all failed to recognize the Mysterious Mr. Raffles.

All Missed That \$100.

When challenges reach me from certain localities I naturally think the quickest way of settling matters is by presenting myself to the police, and if I am not recognized what is the use of my going any further?

WHOM HE SAW YESTERDAY.

Started from Fourteenth street and Broadway at 10 o'clock.

Across Fourteenth street, down west side o Fourth avenue and the Bowery to Chatham Square; east side of the Bowery to Cooper Union fountain arriving at 11.10.

South on Bowery, east side, to Canal street, to Broadway, to Vescy street, to West Broadway. Luncheon at Smith & McNell's.

Started for Newark at 12.40. Talked with Officer No. 135, of Newark.

Talked with Chief of Police Bimson, of Paterson,

Talked with Jersey City policeman No. 201 at 4.45. Talked with Chief of Police Murphy, of Jersey City, at 5.10.

floor of the City Hall in Paterson, at 8.30 o'clock yesterday afternoon five molicemen, in citizens' clothes, sat at tables playing pinochie. Beyond this there was nothing doing. Behind the railing sat a detective-sergent in his shirt sleeves smoking a pipe.

nized what is the use of my going any further?

But the citizen sleuths ought to have a whack at this game, and the next time I go out of town I'll devote my energies to cultivating those who may, after all, be more likely to catch me.

However, when you start to catch me you want to figure out the sort of chances I take when I actually talk with such well known police officials as Chiefs Murphy of Jersey City and Bimson of Paterson and then walk out of their offices without even so much as giving them an inkling that they had been talking with the Mysterious Mr. Raffles.

When I entered Police Headquarters on the lower

Study His Face Carefully.

THIS is the mysterious Mr. Raffles whose photograph appears daily in The Personal Raffles whose photograph appears daily pears daily in The Evening World. He is walking, undisguised, about Greater New York. If you see him "YOU ARE THE MYSTERIOUS MR. RAFFLES OF THE EVENING WORLD." He will admit his identity and accompany you to the business office of The World, where you will receive \$100 reward for capturing him.

The Mystery of No. 13. By Helen B. Mathers

BYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

Barry Ross is found murdered in a house occupied by Jack and Elizabeth St. George. It is not considered by Jack and Elizabeth St. George. It is not considered by Jack and Elizabeth set which Ross was apparently trying to steal when shot. Jack believes his wife shot Barry and tells the police he himself is the murand tells the police his wife shot be the farry. Bayer, declares it was she who killed Barry. Rose Dupont, her maid, excites suspicion. Jack is afrested and held for trial. Rose Jack is afrested and held for trial.

CHAPTER III.

The Trial. (Copyright, 1900, by George Munro's Sons.)

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NE day as Jack sat alone and NE day as the cell he raised his head to see a light figure all in white (save where the gold of his hair was shining) come dancing in, and five-ser into his arms with an ecstatic ory

Jack thought himself mad at last, but here was no visionary touch, only a very real pair of loving arms throttling his neck, and soon he realized that this was indeed his own little child in the feen, and neetling his head into the soft; neck and curts, could have wept for the

by and anguish of the moment. my and anguish of the moment.
"Daddy," said the boy, "my own dear
enddy, won't you come along 'ome with
me, and see mother?"
Jack did not answen, only pressed his

face down closer, and emporhed with hungry hand the soft head lying so close with Mps warm against his throat. "How do you like my new house, Dany?" he said.

"O-oh!" said Daffy, looking round with much interest, and speaking in the wise little voice he usually affected, when not quite sure that he knew his subject, "there's lots of room for bat and ball. I all us 'ave a little game,

"Another time, my boy," said Jack, steadying his voice; "but who brought "Rose! She's outside with a funny

old man-got such lots and lots of

"Did mother send any message?" h

"O' course!" said Daffy, holding up to his fathers gaze a face upon which the very print of Elizabeth was set-"lots and lots of kisses, and thanks with cumplements!" Thanks with cumplements," was

Daffy's invariable formula for extra ervid love.

"And mother," he said with trembing play, and have

"And norther," he said with trembling voice, "does mother play, and have sames with Daffy now?"

"Mother tries," said the boy, the corners of his lips failing, "but she savsmother says she don't fink she's quits so young as she used to be."

A warning knock came at the door.

"Spect that's knoe's said Daffy, wrinkling up his nose expressively; "the always 'urries me; she won't let see talk to Jamy, the cobuler."

A sudden impulse seized Jack; he shoets to the door, and taere, just belind the gaoler, stood the French maid, ler face white in the dusk, as she cowed away at sight of her master. What it that look and attitude mean—of att was she in fear? Him? A poor tich who might beat his own life against his prison bars, but who no power to harm her or any other "Your mistress is well, Rose?" be said.

"Your mistress is well, Rose?" he said.
"She is as well, sir, as she can be."
He did not remove his eyes from her

"She is as well, sir, as she can be."

"He did not remove his eyes from her face.

"Time's up," said the jailer, not unkindly, and barty, recognizing him inquitively as an enemy, ching round his faces in his knees.

Did those little tender hands make Jack think of those others that he had so remorsdessly unbound a few short weeks ago?

I know not—but when Daffy was borns away, sobbing bitterly, by the woman whom Jack feit he could no longer truet, with a newly added pang she husband realised how utterly alone and friendless his little Eliasbeth was see.

The day for the trial came at last. The prosecution in the opening speech painted vividiy yet logically the reasons Jack could have had for the murder; the opportunity and dreumstances. He wound up by saying:

"His own confession, his pessession of the pistol, and certain independent testimony that would be brought forward, insult be considered to bring the guilt from to him as thoroughly as if the evidence was conclusively positive, instead of circumstantial.

"It would probably be suggrested by the defense that a surprised burgar had fired the shot, but as fire. St. George's jayels were safe, and as dilignent inquity were safe, and as dilignent inquity was reason and as dilignent inquity was the should, that theory fell to the ground, and by no possible combination of chromatance could the prisoner have stood in the present position had he not been guilty."

The Fire winds probably the same at the prisoner had a how how powerfully had proved the analysis of the prisoner had a how how powerfully had been guilty."

The fire, were a facted who.

commenced.
"You remember the night of May the 10th?"

"You remember the night of safe the loth?"

"Perfectly."

"Did Mrs. St. George tell you beforehand when she meant to sleep downstairs?"

"Cettainly. I prepared the room for
her. I ledt my mistress in her dressingscown in the drawing-room, ready for
bed."

"You afterward retired to rest yourself?"

"You chen fell asleep?"

"You doen fell asleep?"

"You door was open or shut?"

"Partly open."

"And you heard?"

"I heard Mr. Ross come up to his
rooms."

rooms."

"At what time?"
"Between 12 and 1."
"What happened next?"
"I heard him—some time after—go softly downstairs."
Jack's eyes afished. A burning desire to strangle the life out of this mocking she-devil devoured him. Who would have thought she had power to corrupt Bilzabeth? Yet this thing he believed she had done.

"You had placed a letter from Mrs. St. George on his table?"
"Yes."

St. George on his table?"

"You say you heard Mr. Ross go down. Did you hear any loud talking, or a shot fired?"

"No. My room faces on the street. The second drawing-rooms are built out at the back, and I could not possibly have heard what was going on."

"What happened next?"

"At 2 o'clock—for I heard the hour strike—Mr. St. George came upstairs."

She went on to describe her subsequent discovery of Ross's body.

The questions languished after this and she was left practically mistress of the occasion. To shake her out of her calm seemed impossible. Yet this Mr. Lemaire had resolved to do, when he rose in his place to cross-examine her. "You say you could not sleep that night," he said, sharply, "were you expecting something to happen?"

"I had toothache."

"Why did you leave your door ajar?"

Mistaken for the Mysterious Mr. Raffles.



Rose's eyes sparkled. Through the thin nostrils contracting and dilating with rage.

"That is my business."

"You expected something to happen that night, and it did," said Mr. Lemaire, "was it precisely what you did expect?"

Ite leaned forward with a satirical smile on his face that might have maddened a less passonate woman than Rose Dupont.

"You devil!" she bissed.

(To Be Continued.)

Home Hints The Housewife's Cyclopaedia

Gifts for House—If you have looked in vain for some gift for the housewife, surprise

her with:
A postato ball cutter, which is a little steel socop with a handle, to out pota-toes into tiny balls.

at the sides of the kettle.

A fish kettle which has a perforated tray swinging above the bottom and a extended above the waist line to form the waist line the waist line to form the waist line the wai

and kettles, and save her tables; also tarly effective made

Orange Date Jelly—Place in a it is shown, of pique, of Sicilian and of all pan a pint and a half of cold water, similar materials. The pan a pint and a half of cold water, adding the juice of one lemen, the grated rind of two oranges, a stick of cinnamon, half a dozen dates and a little grated nutmeg; allow this to simmer on the back of 'the fire for fifteen minutes after it begins to boil, then add one vunce of gelatine that has been soaked for ten minutes in a half-wint soaked for ten minutes in a helf-pint of sweet older, together with a large anges. Stir until the gelatine is dis-solved, and then strain into a large bowl. Mould orange quarters and date halves with a little of the hardened fallyes with a little of the hardened jelly in the bottom and around the sides of a mould, set directly on a slass of dish, surrounded with a border of sweetened ice, adding gradually more jelly and fruit. Unmould on whipped oream, sprinkled with minced candied fruits.

hour, basting with the gravy every or fifteen minutes. Then turn on the other side and spread over the roast a pint of tomatoes peeled and sliced, two onions chopped fine, two sprigs of pars-ley chopped fine and two peppers. Baste for another hour every ten min-utes. When the meat is removed keep hot while you take up the vegetables with a split spoon, and keep them hot also. Strain the gravy, thicken with browned flour, and put into a boat. Lay the vegetables about the meat upon a metal or freeproof dish, dredge this with browned crumb, and dot with softened butter. Set upon the top grating of the oven five minutes to brown and bring to the table in the dish.

graphs received from amateurs who competed for The Evening World's Camera Day prizes at Luna Park the winners cannot be announced before Saturday.

Look for their names in The Evening World of Saturday, June 10.

MAY MANTON'S Daily Fashions

has proved itself a very height of style. In the illustration is ing sinks and pots.

A Chinese strainer, for clear soups, made of fine wire, with hooks to fasten skirt itself is cut in skirt itself is cut in hears. bodice, and is particususpenders or bre-telles are made in two portions each and are simply finished with stitched edges, then held to position by means of ornamental buttons. The skirt pan form of guimps or walst that may be preferred, net, muslin and the like being used for the handsomer gowns, white for the plainer can be utilized. The gores and is laid in inverted plaits at the

Veal a la Jardiniere_Lard with

Camera Day Prizes Awarded Saturday.

OWING to the large number of photo-



back. The quantity of Princesse Skirt with Suspenders-Pattern No. 5057. salt pork, and sprinkle with papriks.

Dredge with flour and lay on the grating of a covered reaster; add enough-boiling water to cover it barely, and roast for an Pattern SOBY is cit in size for a? 22 24 26 28 and 26 to be part of the spring for a part of the part of the spring for a part of the part of the

material has figure or nap; S yards 21, 6 1-2 yards 27 or 3 1-2 yards 44 inches wide when it has neither figure nor nap.

Pattern 5057 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure. How to Obtain These Patterns.

Evening World May Manton Fashions. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always

King Codfish.

O the visitor, St. John's, Newfoundland, must appeal because of its unique aspect. Here can be seen the ancient fish cart and modern street car, the lowly fishing station and imposing department store, the tallow candle and the electric light. The very ole and the electric light. The very entrance to the harbor, says the Four Track News, is framed with fish "stages." sheds composed of wooden slabs set on platforms of poles near the water's edge, where the curing of cod taken from the ocean beyond is carried on as it was generations ago.

Fishing boats laden with their scaly prizes are seen constantly entering the port. Every wharf and roof along the water front is thickly covered with odfish drying in the sun; the air is redolent with the odor of codfish; the
talk of everybody is about codfish; the
main business of the place concerns codfish. As Amsterdam was said to be
built upon baseing benes St. John's fish. As Amsterdam was said to be built upon herring benes. St. John's may be said to owe its existence to codfish. This is the steeple product of the town, and it exports about \$6,000,000 worth of it annually. So conspicuous a place has it in the island's affairs that a special decision of the Supreme Court declares "fish" to mean "cod" slone, and at the hotal, if you intend trout or many but me "fish," they will surely this Fyre see.

"Half-Time" Pupils.

NVESTIGATIONS among 16,000 school children of Halle, Germany, showed that the number of sick among the children attending morning the children attending the children attending to the children among the children attending morning and aftermoon sessions was one-half greater than among children who attended sessions in the forement only. A German scientist favors a morning session of five hours, giving a resting pause of fitteen minutes at the end of each hour. He says that the afternoon sessions exhaust the vitality of the children, disturb their digestive organs and tire their brains. From a medical standment afternoon sessions should be abolished. The afternoon hours should be given to play, outdoor exercises—and pivesical training.

YOUR POCKETBOOK fou can renew the color of that by dyeing, too. But, more important, you can keep more money in it than you do now if you will only realize how much you pay for new clothes, new ribbons, etc., that you can save and still keep your dresacs, walsts, etc., fresh and new and always in the newest style colors. Druggists sell Diamond Dyes at 10 cents per solor.

Diamond Dyes

'Aw, you it find him somewhere down Washington

Chief Missed Reward.

Chief Bimson sat at his desk in his shirt sleeves reading a paper when I opened his office door.

As an introduction I explained that I was a New York newspaper man looking for a story concerning the

Tun. Please to Mulberry street, where a New to the depot talked with conductor No. 387 and on the way to the depot talked with conductor No. 4023.

Reaching Paterson at 3.15 I walked down Market street as far as the City Hall, then down Washington street in the repeated "Mellon, Mellon—let's see, where heard that name before?" And then tooking at me as though he had suddenly recalled something he asked, "How old was he?"

"Thirty-five years, next month." I

"Thirty-five years, next month," I answered.
"Oh! well, that settles that end of it," answered Chief
Bimson. "I was thinking of a fellow who committed
suicide out here three weeks ago. His name was Mellon." I talked for fully five minutes with Chief Bimson and then left the City Hall and Police Headquarters satisfied

that my chances for getting captured were
worse every minute.

At the Erie Railroad station I asked Policeman No.
79 the name of the acting sergeant whom I had first addressed at Police Headquarters, but No. 79 declared that he didn't know. "Because," said he, "there is no regular sergeant on day times, and I guess it must have been sergeant on day times, and I guess it must have been one of the street sergeants who was just 'settin' in."
one of the street sergeants who was just 'settin' in."

The Mysterious Mr. Railles is still at large. I will be on Broadway to-day, and if you don't capture me it will not be my fault.

asked the captain on the first floor where I could find Chief of Police Murphy; I was told that he was on the second floor; I went there and asked the sergeant in charge if I could see the Chief, and was admitted to his

presence.

Relating practically the same yarn to Chief Murphy
as I had to Chief Bimson, after explaining that I was a
New York newspaper man, I soon had the Jersey City
Chief sufficiently interested to begin a search of his blot-

"How long has this man Mellon been missing?" asked Chief Murphy.
"About three days," I answered.

"H'm! let me see," thoughtfully, and then, having a bright idea, he added, "Wait a minute till I take a look" and, going into another room, he talked a few moments with another official, after which he returned, shaking his head, saying, "Sorry, my boy, but I can't help you out; we haven't any record of any James Mellon Long I pounded at the payements till my feet were paralyzed.

missing over here."

Now can you tell me why Chief of Police Murphy did not recognize the Mysterious Mr. Raffles?

Didn't Know Mr. Raffles.

In Newark it was just the same way.
Police Officer No. 185 stood at Market and Broad streets, and for the greater part of five minutes explained to me the easiest way of getting from Newark to Pat

To be sure I would not make any mistake No. 135 guided me across to the Erie ticket office on Market street, where a young man in a pink and white shirt told me I could get a train at 2.25 for Paterson.

Post-Office, where I mailed a letter, and then waited ten minutes in the doorway of Murray's cafe, on Market street, during the rainstorm. And no one in either Paterson, Newark or Jersey City recognized the Mys-terious Mr. Raffles. So much for taking chances out of

I put in an hour and a half on the Bowery in the morning, thinking that some bright sleuth might pick me up, but I escaped, and that hundred still remains un-

My starting point was at Fourteenth street and Broad way at 10 o'clock. I walked down to Fourth avenue and then south on that street to the Bowery, down which I continued slowly to Chatham Square.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

ation to the great danger of introducing into their families spurious medicines. It is to be regretted that there are people who are now engaged in the nefarious business of putting up and selling all sorts of substitutes, or what should more properly be termed counterfeits, for medicinal preparations not only for adults, but worse yet, for children's medicines. It therefore devolves on the mother to scrutinize closely what she gives her child. Adults can do that for themselves, but the child has to rely on the mother's watchfulness.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Castoria always bears the signature of Castoria always bears the signature of the specific specific

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tions. Satisfaction guaranteed or money resulted.
The better class grees soil my brush; if they comot support you, write or satisfaction of the complex results.

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Benefits the Hair.

Hair Brush That its the Hair. Its the Hair. It in best one to use troubled with dangled its or fareatened balds or fareatened balds of fareatened balds of the hair work. It is to the hair works the to the hair works. It is to the hair works. It is to the hair works. It is to the hair works and brings back the to the hair works. It is to the hair works are and sent postupid. Ob. Bowers of imitation money refunded setter class stores sell.

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cathering to disturb one of the card players, I the east side of the Bowery to Coeper Union, and then could be a could tell the where I might south on the west side of the Bowery as far as Canal

street.
About every other man and woman I passed along About every other man and women I passed along street, who the City Hall I warked over on Market street, where I rif into Lettective-Bergt. Gall and his partiar, betterive-Bergt. Lett. They were evidently pretty busy, for they warked right by, just as though tipey had never laid eyes on me obsers, when, as a matter of fact, I have taked with both man on several occasions.

Going back to City Hall I asked the acting sergeant if the Chief was in, and he told me to go down to the end door and knock three times.

About every other man and women I passed along the Bovery was evidently on the lookout for the Mysterious Mr. Raffles, but semehow or other the Mysterious Mr.

In Newark I walked down Broad street to the Post-Office, then back to Market street, where I met Officer No. 135; walked over to the Erie ticket office on Market street, and then stopped at Murray's cafe. Leaving there at 2.10, I walked to Mulberry street, where I jumped on car No. 387 and on the way to the depot

At Pavonia ferry I asked policeman No. 201, of the Jersey City force, how far it was to Police Headquarters, and he told me two miles and a half.

"Take a car marked 'Erie,' said No. 201, "that will leave you off right in front of the door." I left Jersey City by way of the Twenty-third street ferry at a chicken."

A Self-Inflicted Kicking,

AM wearing indentations in the bosom of my pants From a self-inflicted kicking o'er a lest-forever chance, And I dub myself a lobster and an empty-pated chump Who should seek a pier at midnight for a suicidal jump Just a hundred solld dollars through my stupid fingers

slipped, Just a hundred needed plunkies I could easily have gripped— O! of vitriolio nature the anathemas I've hurled At Mysterious Mr. Raffles of The Evening World!

When I started out to find him I'd a bosom full of hope, From my inborn sleuthing instinct I had got the proper dops, And I felt if I should meet him, though my eyes were blind

Long I pounded at the pavements till my feet were paralyzed, Rubbernecked until the rubber was with cramping vulcanized. Stared in faces by the thousands till my brain with staring

whirled For the wily Mr. Raffles of The Evening World.

In the Union Square I squatted on a bench for needed rest, And I told a fellow-sitter of my long and fruitless quest; Told him of my mad ambition, and I swore to him that I "You can take a trolley over," said No. 185; "that will take you an hour and a half; or you can go down to the Eric depot and take a train that will get you there in half an hour."

To be sure I would not make any mistake No. 125.

In the lexicon I'm using there is no such word as "Fail,"

told me I could get a train at 2.25 for Paterson.

"You go down there to Mulberry street and get a car,"
said No. 135, "and you will be landed right at the Erie
Into shreds I tore that paper of the lurid crimson tint trail,
And the kicking I've referred to in this jingle was begun Saying things I'd never offer to the editor to print— He who'd shared the park seat with me when my story I unfurled

Was Mysterious Mr. Raffles of The Evening World.

Mr. Raffles Answers Correspondents.

MRS. G. W. S.—You are quite positive you have seem the Mysterious Mr. Raffles. However, you are mistaken, for I think that you will agree that it would be suicidal for me to talk with a friend on Broadway. He, too, would claim the \$100 reward. Try again.

Bowery Had Opportunity.

H. J. HUBERI—All right.Keep your eyes wide open.
The chances are that I will be around in your neighborhood in a day or two.

AMUSEMENTS.

PROCEDERS SUPERB SHOW; HIS is the caution applied to the public announcement of Castoria that has been manufactured under the supervision of Chas. H. Fletcher for over 30 years—the genuine Castoria. We respectfully call the attention of fathers and mothers when purchasing Castoria to see that the wrapper bears his signature in black. When the wrapper is removed the same signature appears on both sides of the bottle in red. Parents who have used Castoria for their little ones in the past years need no warning against counterfeits and imitations, but our present duty is to call the attention of the younger generation to the great danger of introducing into their families spurious medicines. It is to be regretted that there are people who are now engaged in the

May Robson & Co., Ward and Curran, Haward & North, Colby & Wav, Voice Dale, The Air Astron.

May Robson & Co., Ward and Curran, Howard & North, Colby & Way, Voice Dale, The Astronomy of the Pour Mortons, The Surden's SCRAP OF PAPER.

A. D. Hawley, Grayce Scott, Big Cast.

Morry Woodruff, Katherine Grey, H. D. Hawley, Grayce Scott, Big Cast.

Oliv, Jas Durkin, Asnes Scott, etc. Sci. St. College Burkin, Asnes Scott, etc. Sci. St. W. J. Keiley, Beattice Morgan, Etc. Burkin, Asnes Scott, etc. Sci. W. J. Keiley, Beattice Morgan, Etc. English Watt.

Ecc. Silver Souvenir Medines Thursday.

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METROPOLIS ALL STAR LEVELD MALMOR GRAND TO DOWN OUR WAY 14TH ST. THEATRE MAT. TO-DAY.